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PARIS AND ITS PEOPLE.



THE CHIFFONIER PURSUING HIS DAILY OCCUPATION IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

ALTHOUGH Paris is called the most civilised capital in the world, it is perhaps, always excepting Grand Cairo, the least cleanly, a paradoxical reputation it seems to have enjoyed for ages. Petrarch, the poet, philosopher, and statesman, writing in the middle of the fourteenth century, says "Paris, though always inferior to its fame, and much indebted to the lies of its people, is undoubtedly a great city. To be sure I never saw a dirtier place, except Avignon." This remark is exactly applicable at the present day; in proof of this, we refer to the engraving given in illustration of this article, portraying a character that could only exist in a city unprovided with proper outlets or repositories for the refuse of animal substance, where every description of garbage is allowed to rot in the streets, and to corrupt the air, after the chiffonnier has extracted the smallest article that he considers of the least value. In Cairo, which rivals Paris in a want of public or private cleanliness, the streets are cleared by the tame vulture; the appearance of which, remarks a recent writer in Egypt, "from the nature of its occupation, is disgusting in the extreme, though naturally a noble ob-

ject." How much more disgusting is the aspect of that noble creature—man, when covered with rags, picking out a wretched subsistence from the offal of the streets, and who, more degraded than the unlightened barbarian, instead of living on the spontaneous productions of nature, subsists upon the refuse of other men, which, instead of being speedily removed, is left by the inhabitants of Paris to decompose before their very doors. Thus, the chiffonnier is the offspring of uncleanness—a creature nurtured by it to impede the spread of civilisation, of which national cleanliness is one of the most important results. It seems that men, women, and children, are employed in rag grubbing; the whole body seems to possess characteristics in common with the rest of the lower orders of Paris, except that they are more debauched in their habits; like all their compatriots, they are fond of treats and holidays; when a stray silver spoon, fork, or other valuable gets into their basket—a piece of good fortune which the carelessness of servants renders by no means uninfrequent—the proceeds are usually spent upon a copious repast in some favorite resort in the

outskirts, whither they repair with joyous friends, not by the conveyance which nature provides, and which poverty so oft enforces, for they do no less than hire a hackney coach, proceeding merrily to the *barrière* in full state. There are about 2000 chiffonniers in Paris, and to them alone is the cleansing of the city committed. Is it any wonder, then, that Cholera should have visited Paris with fatally malignant powers. One Spring morning says Charles Dickens, attracted by stories I had heard about the chiffonniers of Paris and their haunts, I strolled towards the Montagne de Sainte Genevieve. There, in the narrow lanes at the back of the great library, I was soon satisfied. The chiffonniers were to be seen in every stage of intoxication. Rags hung from every window; heaps of bones were at some doors; at others, soles of old boots were stacked. Here, women were sitting sorting rags and paper, and watching the drunken revels of their mates; there, huge waggons were being loaded with enormous bales of chiffons. For olfactory reasons I did not long remain on the Montagne Sainte Genevieve; on the contrary, I hastened forward



A woman of Middlezoy was brought to the Bridgewater Infirmary on Tuesday, suffering dislocation of the jaw caused by an enormous yawn.

Reynard the Fox. By THOMAS JAMES ARNOLD. Nattali
and Bond.

"In *Congreve's Old Batchelor*," that valorous Duckinghamshire knight, Sir Joseph Wittol, remarks with the air of a man desirous of exhibiting the amount of his reading, "Ezard, there are good morals to be picked out of *Æsop's Fables*, let me tell you that, and *Reynard the Fox*, too." With Sir Joseph's criticism we may dismiss the text of the book, which is a rough, but not an unskillfully-rendered, translation of Goethe's racy version of this old story. We may be allowed to remark, however, that one great merit of the tale, apart from the wondrous ability with which Goethe has fold it, is its universal applicability, particularly in a political sense, to all times and seasons, or at least to a governing and governed classes of such periods. Reynard comes out of all his trials with more luck than deserts; but his ambition is satisfied, and he mentally exclaims, like an intriguing Prime-minister,—

On true Fox principles shall govern'd be
Ay members only of my family !

But the great charm of the present volume, which appears to have been partly prepared for publication by the late Mr. Pickering, is to be found in the illustrations by Mr. Wolf. These are truly works of Art, and the human and animal are wonderfully and comically combined in the representation of the speaking creatures and their acts. How religious, yet how rarely, does the Jesuit-Fox look when, while passing the group of cocks and hens, he is counting at once his beads and the fowls, his fingers on the first and his eyes on the latter. Then, what a treacherous air is worn by the Wolf, in mistaking the Lion. You see, at the first glance, that he is a master of the art; he is evidently irritable, feverish, and inaccessible to reason. When a courtier would whisper something in his ear, can he carefully does the whisperer seem to get as far as possible from the irreproachable swollen nose. But the hero of the story is the grand old fox of animals. He seems "at home" under every circumstance. What a scrofulous villain it is in presence of the authorities! What a *gamin* look of mischievous delight he wears when he catches that heavy old joker, the Bear, in the cleft tree. How thoroughly is the burglar imprinted in his looks when he complacently views his confederate, the Cat, hanging in the barn, into which he had urged "Tybalt," on felony intent;—and what a look of conscious and persecuted innocence he carries with him when brought to trial, and the Ram is getting up cases against him. This trial-scene is so judiciously arranged, and the by-play of some of the personages, whether in rage or repose, lends additional and amusing reality to the scene. The interior and the exterior of Reynard's mansion are equally dramatic, and of an admirable contrast. In the latter, the Fox, disguised as a *gamin*, seems overflowing with seductiveness, and a good-naturedness. In the former, with none to observe him but his family, his air and acts are unrestrained, and his children look at the sons as such a sire might be expected to look. There is, indeed, a wretchedly penitient expression about him when under the excommunicating ban of Rome for his wickedness; but there is a Robert Macaire look with it, which shows the sinner is merely feigning a sensation. When still more manifest when, in presence of an august assembly, apparently perplexed, he flings down his glove in token of his innocence, and might almost be mistaken for Bayard himself, his countenance betrays that the glove is also most artistically suggested; and when we subsequently see the catfif putting on the glove, into a philosophical *pose*, and calmly viewing the tortoise in punishment which isegrim, the Wolf, is suffering at the hands, or claws, of his Majesty the Lion, we are satisfied that he is the original illustrator of the moralist's maxim, which assures us that we bear nothing so patiently as the calamities which fall upon our neighbours. When we again see the ecstatic delight marked on the libertine's countenance at bringing the Wolf into a serape in the Well, by which the Fox himself is saved from drowning, the latter, in his ascending down, seems to be saying, with a smirk, "Ah, there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which is not so displeasing to us." How humorous, but not the least masterly plate, is that of the trial by battle, in which Reynard overcomes his powerful antagonist. The two animals here worthy of Suedeyers, so naturally and vigorously they depicted,

These illustrations reflect honour on the artist, Mr. Wolf. There is nothing in "Les Animaux peints par eux-mêmes," equal to them. Indeed, these are altogether of a higher class of Art, and will add to the reputation of the artist. The introductory letter, we may observe, in conclusion, contains some agreeable information on the history of the tale itself, and of the editions it has gone through. The list of the versions of the story already recorded, Mr. Arnold adds "Le Roman du Renard," by M. Octave Deleuryer (1837), and another similarly entitled, by a Danish author, Prof. Rothe (1145),—each of which," says Mr. Arnold, "contains an admirable *precis* of this history of histories."

Martha. A Sketch from Life, By ANTHONY SMITH.
Hope and Co.

"MARTHA" is a striking and clear story, but it is interesting without being pleasant; in fact, the main incident is revolting,—and it is brought on so abruptly that the sympathy of the reader is not sufficiently excited either to accept or to excuse it. The story is of a woman, the daughter of a clergyman, who marries a man in every respect below herself,—a mere peasant, a day labourer,—who has not even the merit of being an honest man :—who has, in fact, no other endowment than personal beauty, a beauty unaccompanied by intelligence, generosity, or any other desirable quality whatsoever. He is an idle, dissolute, worthless, vulgar blackguard. Of course, he neglects her, wastes her money in disgraceful pleasures, and reduces her and his children to the most abject poverty. Her father having cast his eyes on her, she is entirely reduced to the social level of her husband. With all this, and being moreover of a haughty and ungovernable temper, she nevertheless continues to love him,—but it is with the same enthrallment of the senses which led her to marry him in the same way. We could impress upon novelists and moralists that the mere fact of marriage neither ennobles nor sanctifies this kind of attachment;—no alchemy can extract a grain of

herism out of it;—such love is nothing better than “sweet degradation,” and it debases whoever holds to it. Martha’s precious husband is at length led to participate in a burglary upon the house of his sister-in-law, and is apprehended in the fact. Martha contrives to set him at liberty; but afterwards discovering that whilst skulking from the constables he is living with a woman who has long been his mistress, in a paroxysm of jealousy she betrays him into the hands of justice. Of course she is immediately pardoned, and is sorry for what she has done; but it is too late. Andrew is tried and condemned to death. Her love alone saves her—she makes superhuman efforts to save him. His sentence is commuted to transportation. She resolves to follow him to the world’s end, but he dies in prison;—and Martha having inherited property from her father leads henceforth a most beautiful life of expiation,—devoted to her children, doing good to everybody, and enjoying the respect and admiration of all who knew her. The author who can write a story like this of ‘Martha,’ which with all its faults is remarkable, can also do something much better—and we hope he will.

Gertrude, or Family Pride. By Mrs. Trollope. Three Vols.
London: Hurst and Blackett. 1855.

A novel from the talented pen of the author of "The Barnabys" is sure to possess some of the most brilliant qualities of a good novel. We may reckon upon sharp delineations of character, instructive from the distinctness of the outline, and singularly entertaining from the grotesque, caricature-like aspect which they wear. We may further count upon rapid and decisive action, upon startling resolves and deeds, and upon sudden surprises, all calculated to heighten the interest of the story,—entwined with each other with such consummate skill and faithfulness to nature, as to remove all suspicion of improbability from the reader's mind. In the present instance the theme which she has chosen, that indicated by the title, "Family Pride," is admirably worked out in the portrait of the old Baron von Schwanberg; and not only that extravagant failing covered with the ridicule which it deserves, but the history of his daughter Gertrude, the pet and idol of his heart, conveys as stern a lesson as the most rigid of moralists could wish, as to the folly of ancestral pride. The object at which the author confessedly aims, is to place in strong contrast with the nobility of birth the nobility of mind and character. According to her creed the time is not far distant when the general spread of education will level the distances between different classes of society, a consummation which, though we cannot with our author look forward to it with hope, will, we fear, come to pass, and that quite as much through the supineness and empty inflation too often met with in the higher ranks, as through any effort of ambition on the part of the less favoured classes.

We have before us a letter, dated July 2, 1763, written by the late Mr. W. J. Matthan, innkeeper at Northam, Suffolk, from which the following is an extract:—"We have had some persons consisting of officers and forty-nine men, who had the best of band I ever heard, and were listening to those who are loved of superior music. It consists of five fiddling to men who are loved one bugle horn, one trumpet, two bassoons, two French horns, and three drums (the latter played by boys about nine years old), two tumbrels, two fiddlers, two violins, and the clasp-pans by a real mulatto, who had a very good appearance, and was a very good musician." It is very curious to find that in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was customary in wealthy families to keep a black footman, and that the word "mulatto" was then in vogue. The letter was considered of great value, and a very good appearance indeed, "we are unable to say. It appears, however, to have met with the concurrence of Dr. Johnson, who kept a black man, and bequeathed him the greater part of his property. It was also the subject of an anecdote, which, I observed, in his characteristic manner, generally appeared cheerful, contented, and happy. The African race influence of human treatment. Many years ago, when under the influence of the slave trade, the British government sent large cargoes of rescued groups of negroes employed in discharging the goods, one of the party commenced to raise the respective blacks of sentence resembling a glee or catch; which the first words of a mingling of the negroes, produced altogether a pleasing degree of harmony. The following is a couplet in Tassie's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry

"Those servants are mostly useful and good,
Who sing at their work, like birds in the wood."

The very name of Versailles recalls the literary glories of that magnificent city. You cannot behold the "Colossus of gilded and marble," as one has termed that gorgeous abode contributed to the immortality of that side of the river, without feeling that that Palace that Bossuet and Massillon pronounced to be the France of the future, the France of the earth, grandeur, and denounced the philosophy, the vices, the corruptions of a Court. There is not an alley, a tree, a fountain, a statue, a hall that does not breathe of the memory of Racine, of Pascal, of the great Mazarin, of Colbert, of Malesherbes, of Coppel, of LaFontaine, of Desprez, of a hundred names which have more than equal claims to immortality with the possession of the sterner genius, and who were with the pen, and Vauban were with the sword. So, Louis, Villars, Jean Bart, and the Duke has a character, so general, a Tenonour of Imperial Versailles. The old Louvre means Charles IX., comprehending Vincennes, as Roule, St. Germain tells of Louis XII.; ministering justice under the residence, brings before us Louis IX.; adorning the column covers the forest; the Bastille; if it were, would evoke the stern shade of Louis XI.; the Palais Royal, as we now stands, reveals the debauchery of the Regency; the Palace of the Tuilleries tells the sad tale of the sufferings without sighing over the fate of him who beholds the Petit Trianon in a beautiful description. Malmesbury speaks of Burke with his plume of his Imperial husband; but Versailles brings before us to honour. It is not in such a place, where literary and artistic genius held so high a place—in an abode, where literary and artistic genius held so high a place—in a place, restored by the patriotic and tasteful munificence of Louis XVI., that we cannot find in that magnificent Palace, peopled as it was with *chefs d'œuvre* that men of letters, painters, poets, should be forgotten, or not made to depend, for the favour of witnesses to a disinterested functionary. Shut the man of letters and art from all other Imperial place, you will, but Versailles is the place of genius, and his exclusion from it would be a crime.

A French writer, in *La Revue Contemporaine*, has recently blamed for France the credit of having produced the original of

STREETS OF LONDON.



SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FROM CANNON STREET WEST.

THE splendid improvements now going on in the capitals of other countries, particularly in that of France, provoke unpleasant comparisons with the slow march of similar affairs in London. We come almost to the conclusion, that a despotism has, after all, some good points. It has at least the merit of overlapping petty obstacles, and of going straight up to a point, which in free communities it is next to impossible to reach by the wavering policy of public bodies. Yet, let us not rashly draw a political axiom from a comparison between London and Paris. London is an anomaly. There is no city in the world like it for size, wealth, and general importance; its very greatness making it unwieldy and backward in improvement. Perhaps there is another reason for its inertia. Nowhere do authorities cling so tenaciously to old usages. On the late occasion of a lord mayor being inducted into office, it was mentioned as a matter of pride, that the forms of procedure were six hundred years old. How odd it seems, when reforms of one kind or other have been effected all over the country in reference to the wants of modern society, that in the metropolis of the empire, there now prevail exactly the same modes of civic government as existed in the thirteenth century. And to make a boast of the thing, too! If the truth were known, the people of London do not care a fig for these antiquated absurdities—they don't think of them; and if their attention is called to the subject, they talk of city government, and everything belonging to it, with something like contempt. Sure enough, there is no want of desire in the metropolis to set things to rights; but such is the everlasting bustle of occupation—the struggle for life, and the struggle for money—that nobody has any time to spare on public business. And so, unless we get hold of some conscience-stricken authorities, which is not very likely, the old ways will go on much as usual—for a time. But this time cannot now be very long. Every year, from the increase of population and extension of commerce, the course of traffic in the streets becomes greater. If certain leading thoroughfares were had enough when the population within the bills of mortality was a million and a half, it may be fancied what they are like now, with a population of two millions and a half. The state of matters in that great arterial thoroughfare, Ludgate Hill, at certain periods of the day, is really frightful—an utter choke up. We entertained hopes that the last lord mayor would have signalled his mayoralty by a decided move for opening up the denser part of London. We thought he was the man for such a project, and would not stick at trifles. But he, like his predecessor, has quitted the civic chair without immortalising himself. Will his successor be more enterprising? Will he, apart from corporation trammels, head a lifeline movement to render the streets so far passable that one may cross them without the risk of being ground to a homogeneous pulp in the roadway? Let justice, however, be done. A kind of beginning has been made, by the widening and opening up of Cannon-street. This new and handsome thoroughfare, stretching from London Bridge to St. Paul's Churchyard, is, to say the least of it, a fine thing. The new structures, tall and of imposing aspect, are an advance, architecturally, on the old fashioned, red brick, four-storey houses. Occupied as wholesale warehouses, some of them have cost £40,000 each; and that great one at the corner (projecting too far into the Churchyard) is said to have cost £100,000. But fine as this street is, and greatly as it is calculated to relieve Cheapside, in a certain sense it only makes matters worse. We have now two Cheapsides instead of one, pouring a combined traffic down Ludgate Hill—an aorta unduly charged with double duty. It was certainly a brilliant idea that Cannon Street, only it did not go far enough. A half-an-hour's measure, it seems as if purposely designed to produce a congestion somewhere about St. Paul's—that magnificent and ill-used structure which is now more in the middle of an uproar than ever. The great fault in these city projects is, the want of a comprehensive plan of operations. Now one little bit is done, and then another little bit; but all these little bits put together never make up a proper whole. Why cannot civic wisdom sit down quietly and scheme out a right thing; and having done so, go to work in earnest? Let the corporation get an act of parliament if it will, and armed with vigour which everybody is longing for. And if the corporation cannot do this, why should it not be superseded, and a real working set of authorities established in its stead? Some such finale has, indeed, been talked of—perhaps planned as a practicality. But this being the age of parliamentary talking, the six-hundred-year-old phantom remains in occupation of Guildhall as in the days of yore; and it is needless to say anything more about it. Reverting

to Cheapside—what we should like to see done is the extension of that thoroughfare right along Paternoster Row, and so onwards across the Old Bailey and Farringdon Street; then, continuing westwards as a central thoroughfare. No doubt, this extension has long been contemplated. Sixteen or twenty years ago, the city, or somebody, bought the old Fleet Prison, and pulling it down, left the site lying useless—a good number of thousands ask, as it were, for nothing. Some houses about the Cheapside end of Paternoster sites left a waste, for no particular purpose that we can see but to have been told, is to clear away the whole of the north side of Paternoster Row, and then re-build it at a suitable distance back, so as to form the beginning of the new central axis. Carried out effectively, the projected street would at once take a large portion of the western-bound traffic of Cheapside from Ludgate Hill, and the daily choking up of that unfortunate aorta be relieved. What a blessing, also, would such an improvement effect in clearing out the abominations of Newgate-market, which no city but London would have tolerated till these later times! A grand scheme this central thoroughfare, any way it can be viewed, and we only wish we saw it realised. The expense, however, as is generally imagined, would be unendurable. We do not quite agree in thinking this a valid excuse for civic indolence. Looking to the enormous ground-rent of £1,200 per annum—and looking to the similar success of Regent Street, we apprehend that much of the outlay would be repaid by sales of land for new buildings. Supposing, however, that there was a shortcoming from this department, on what better object, we should like to know, could the funds of the city be employed; or for what could a certain rate on property be more properly levied? The public, it is clear, would be the recipients of the benefit, and on the public must the burden fall in some form or other. At all events, it is surely time that the street extension in question, along with other improvements incident to this important change, should be entered upon with as little delay as possible. It is almost needless to say, that those resident or carrying on business in London are not alone concerned in this renovation of a dense and inconvenient section of the metropolis. All who visit London are equally, if not more, interested in seeing effected so very desirable and long looked-for an improvement.

THE UNFINISHED STREET.

Before we talk of "The Unfinished Street" it is necessary that every one should distinctly understand what is meant by "The Unfinished Street," or it would have been much better if "The Unfinished Street" had never, never, been mentioned. We have nothing to do with those long rows of uniform, three-storied, and shortly to be "desirable tenements" where thick-limbed Irishmen run up and down tall ladders, and the hammer thunders, and the trowel rings from six in the morning till six at night. There the builders, with heavy pickaxes, bound down to complete his work by a certain day; and the stacks of yellow bricks and the mounds of grey mortar that half block up the road show that the capitalist has faith in his speculation, and looks upon the property as a thing to leave to his children. The Roman cement festoons on the public-house at the one end, and the decorations of the baker's shop at the other, are brown and wet; whilst one half of the huge vase that crowns the middle house seems milky white with whiteness. But the *bona fide* "Unfinished Street" is a very different kind of affair. London had many such streets at one time, but they are fast vanishing. Railways appear to have a wondrous faculty of creating inhabitants—we know they do traffic—and by consequence come a demand for houses wherein the new comers may dwell. But go to a country town—one which, if inland, has, perhaps, had the ill luck to lie out of the beaten track of the locomotive—whose glories departed with the days of four-horse coaches and postboys, and which is fast falling out of the recollection of all men, except occasional barristers and commercial travellers. Or take a new secondary watering-place, at length surpassed in public favour by some younger rival, or robbed of its season attractions by the promotion of a popular preacher, or the death or retirement of a great and popular physician. Such towns as these new possess the truest specimens of "The Unfinished Street." There you will see them branching off from their full-grown brethren, prematurely decayed,

and looking like arms which the town has stretched out to grasp the country, but which have withered in the rash attempt. The place begins respectably enough, the road is sound and whole; but follow it a little way and you will find the flagstones of the pavement exhibiting occasional gaps, till at last they cease altogether, itself has deteriorated from a respectable carriage-way to a road which expands, full of puddles, and which finally becomes a rutty country lane. As with the road so with the houses. Three or four on each side are finished, and, perhaps, half of them inhabited. To these succeeded habitations advanced to all but sedulously avoid inviting you to inquire within. At this point the existence of area railings generally terminates, and if you look through the windows of the either lying on the floor, in sheer despair of ever getting warmed forward the decline of the building is rapid: first, shells of houses, back walls pierced with loopholes to represent windows, then front and destitute of flooring; and the last building of all has only reached the first-floor height, and a few bits of scaffolding cling to what they once hoped to have helped to finish. The foundations to the rest of the street gape on the edge of the fields, serving now as a place of play for children, and a cemetery for all the dead dogs and cats of the neighbourhood. The very lamp-posts participate in gradual decay of usefulness and success; they are like all other lamp-posts at the beginning; but get rusty, and lose first their lights, and then their very lamps, towards the end. The inhabitants of such their dominions are usually influenced in their selection of the estate has a large family, and living rent-free in one of the houses a great consideration to him. The people at the corner, with the crocheted-horn window-curtains, found a habitation which suited their limited means, without appearing to live out of the route of the society of the place; and their opposite neighbours—would they only confess it—had but the same motive in so locating themselves, lery at church. The old gentleman next door, with the scarlet geraniums crowding his window-sill, was induced, long ago, to take the house on a lease; and he thinks he may as well take out the value of his money, as impoverish himself in burning his candle at both ends, as he calls it. The last arrival was that of a ruined merchant, with his wife and children, and who was only too glad to find a house to shelter him, and is thankful it may yet be so. His neighbours know all about him, and is thankful it may yet be so. What time should make him go to town so often, until one day, whilst reading in the *Times*, they saw his name among the list of bankrupts. But it is not only for these that, in looking on an recur to those who projected them and those who built it. With such fortunes, which, however painful to dwell upon, are but the off-throw of the street emanated from his whose name the place still bears, who lived a wealthy man and died a poor one, leaving but such unfinished projects for future wealth as a heritage for his children. Perhaps it was the creation of some specious speculator, whose only aim was literally to take care of number one, and who left the rest to shift for themselves. In such a case the "Unfinished Street" has led many a man and died a poor one, leaving but such unfinished projects for future wealth as a heritage for his children. Perhaps it was the creation of some specious speculator, whose only aim was literally to take care of number one, and who left the rest to shift for themselves. In such a case the "Unfinished Street" has led many a man and died a poor one, leaving but such unfinished projects for future wealth as a heritage for his children. Perhaps it was the creation of some specious speculator, whose only aim was literally to take care of number one, and who left the rest to shift for themselves. In such a case the "Unfinished Street" has led many a man and died a poor one, leaving but such unfinished projects for future wealth as a heritage for his children.

The North-Eastern Railway Company have made arrangements for giving the clerks in their various offices a fortnight's holiday in each year. Their pay is to go on during their absence, and they may have a free pass over all the company's lines. There is an establishment in New York extensively engaged in manufacturing shirt-collars of paper. It is stated that one thousand a close resemblance to linen collars that the difference can only be discovered by tearing the article.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.



THE MILITARY BAND PLAYING IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE.

Let those who are in the habit of speaking lightly and depreciating of the working-classes—of their thoughtlessness and want of frugality, try to refresh their memories with the efforts those classes have been making for at least thirty years, to procure from the legislature a comprehensive and equitable law for the regulation and management of friendly societies; and with the further fact, that, in spite of the obvious and serious defects in all the Friendly Society Acts hitherto passed, there exist nearly 35,000 such societies, comprising nearly 3,250,000 members, who subscribe no less than £5,000,000 a year, and who possess a capital fund of nearly £11,500,000. We do not in this mean to imply that there is not thoughtlessness, recklessness, or profligacy to be found in the ranks of the industrious portion of the community; but in what rank of Society shall we not find this, more or less? What we mean to say is, that the statistics of friendly societies furnish a conclusive answer to any such sweeping allegation of unthriftiness and improvidence as a characteristic of the working-classes, as that we have referred to. The Odd Fellows and the Foresters constitute no small section of the provident societies now in operation, for providing relief to the members in sickness, and aid to their families when the head of it shall be snatched away by death. Of the positive or relative numbers of these orders we are not informed. They are very numerous, however, and, though hitherto proscribed by the law, or, perhaps, we should rather say, deprived of its protection, chiefly in consequence of their being what the Freemasons are—a secret body—they have, upon the whole, managed their very extensive districts and courts with judgment and honesty, and have been the means of conferring incalculable benefits upon thousands and thousands of families. To mingle with large masses of these men upon one of their society festive occasions, is pleasant and instructive withal. One can observe them in their hilarious moments, and take note of their demeanour; and if we find them bringing wives and children to participate in the enjoyment, and to sit pushed beyond the bounds of prudence, one goes from amongst them with a conviction, that they are in the right course, and that he does well who lends them a helping hand, or even gives them encouragement. Such a festival we entered into at the Crystal Palace, at the anniversary of the Courts constituting the London district of the Ancient Order of Foresters. Of the numbers present, we could form no estimate, because all those entitled to it did not don the "clothing" of the order. We are informed that there were, in the palace and grounds, few short of 11,000; and we can readily believe, from what we observed of the prevalence of the fraternising spirit, that of the nearly 30,000 persons there, in the course of the day, there were upwards of 10,000 belonging to the ancient fraternity. On the opening day, undoubtedly, the Crystal Palace exhibited more splendour and beauty; and, above all, it was graced with the presence of the Queen; but even on that day, there was less of real deep and heartfelt enjoyment, fewer joyous faces and interchanges of affectionate solicitude for one another's pleasure. Many of those present had evidently never seen that wonderful building, with its magnificent courts—its marvellous collection of sculpture—its fountains, plants, and pleasure grounds—its resuscitated wonders of an antediluvian era, and its mediæval memorials of our own; and it was pleasant to note the enjoyment which these wonders gave, as it was in some cases amusing to note the expressions of surprise they called forth. Altogether, the day was full of pleasure. By the way we cannot quit the subject of the Crystal Palace without giving our readers a few suggestions as to the best way of seeing it. Presuming them to have reached it, no matter on what side they may enter the building, our advice is, immediately to proceed to the western side of the centre transept; and, examining the two colossal horses, turn to the left through the Ancient Art Court, and then examine in rotation the Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and

Alhambra Courts, and the Colossal Nubian Shrine; after this, the Assyrian Court. The visitor will then have reached the north end of the Palace. Turning to the right, you pass through the Refreshment Rooms, and a famous group of Indians, representing a panther about to spring on one of the party. The Elgin Marbles are also situated here, and beautifully arranged flower-beds. A little to the left are the apartments of her Majesty, and the picture of Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Paxton, explaining to Prince Albert his plan for the original building in Hyde Park. The right wing of the Palace is now entered, when you return and examine the east, or garden side. Passing by the Avenue of Sphinxes, you reach the Byzantine Court, then follow the German Gothic, English, or National, French and Italian Gothic, Renaissance, Elizabethan, the Italian, and a small Italian Vestibule, when you come to an open court devoted to works illustrative of each period of the Christian art. You then cross again the grand transept, and, noticing the Historical Portrait Gallery, pass on to another open court containing the best works of modern French and Italian artists, when you visit the Industrial Courts in the following order:—The French Court, Mixed Fabrics, Printed Fabrics, and Musical Instruments. You then come to the collection of Natural History of the Old World, at the extreme south of the building. Passing by the charming historical screen, turn to your right, and commence the examination of the west, or road side of the building, passing through another portion of a collection of Natural History of the New World, under the south transept, in the centre of which will be recognized Mr. Osler's fountain, famous as being the centre ornament of the old Crystal Palace. Passing the statue of Charles I., from Charing Cross, you reach the Pompeian House; thence to the Sheffield and Birmingham Departments, through an open space where Messrs. Day and Son exhibit their colour-printing, to the Stationery Court; thence, to the Coining Press of Messrs. Pinches and Son. Next visit the Hardware and Mineral Manufactures, situated at the back of the Sheffield, Birmingham, and Stationery Courts, and returning, examine the collections of furniture. You will now reach the English and German Sculpture Department, in which the colossal head of Bavaria and the immense statue of Franken will at once astonish you. The nave should now be visited. Commencing with the statue of Hercules, situated at the north-west corner of the great transept, you proceed, examining the west, or road side of the north nave. You then cross to the east, or garden side, and proceed southward till you arrive at the historical screen, when you turn to the right, and complete the examination by noticing the objects situated on the west, or road side of the south nave. This done you ascend the staircase near the west side of the centre transept, and passing northward will be seen a collection of photographic prints; then, copies of the old paintings found in the caves of the Ajanta, in India; then a collection of Chinese manufactures and industry, and passing along this gallery, a fine view of the colossal seated figures from the tomb of Abou Simbol, in Nubia; then, more photographic prints, precious metals, substances used as food, clothing, leather, India-rubber and philosophical instruments, perfumery, &c. The second and third tiers of galleries may now be reached; and descending on the east or garden side of the great transept, pass to the basement story, where the machinery, carriages, and agricultural implements are exhibited; thence to the TERRACES, and through the grounds to the GEOLOGICAL ISLANDS and RESTORED ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTERS.

The Duke of Northumberland has added to his former thoughtful kindnesses to the fishermen of his county a plan for making them swimmers, to give them an additional chance of escape if wrecked. A teacher of swimming is now instructing the fishermen on the coast.

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

"Leave me, comrades—here I drop.
No, sir, take them on.
All are wanted—none should stop;
Duty must be done.
Those whose guard you take will find me
As they pass below."
So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
Fell amid the snow.
And ever on the dreary heights,
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks;
Duty must be done:
Far too few for half our tasks;
We can spare not one.
Wrap him in this: I need it less:
Fear not. They shall know.
Mark the place—you stunted larch.
Forward!" On they go;
And silent on their silent march,
Down sank the snow.

O'er his features as he lies,
Calms the wretch of pain:
Close, faint eyes; pass, cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain.
With far soft sounds the stillness teems;
Church bells—voices low,
Passing into English dreams;
There amid the snow
And darkening, thickening, o'er the heights,
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark,
Down the others came
Struggling through the snowdrifts stark,
Calling out his name.
"Here or there? the drifts are deep:
Have we passed?" No!
Look, a little growing heap—
Snow above the snow—
Where heavy on his heavy sleep,
Down fell the snow.

Strong hands raised him; voices strong
Spoke within his ears:
Ah! his dreams had softer tongue—
Neither now he hears.
One more gone for England's sake—
Where so many go—
Lying down, without complaint,
Dying in the snow:
Starving, striving, for her sake,
Dying in the snow:
Simply done his soldier's part
Through long months of woe;
All ended with soldier heart—
Battle, famine, snow:
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow-cold in snow.

HERO P.

The British Museum is closed for the autumnal vacation. The Museum will be reopened on the 10th of September.

The Past Week.

Sept. 2.—*Fire of London, 1665.* Perhaps the most important event which ever happened in the metropolis, whether it be considered in reference to its immediate effects or its remote consequences, was the Great Fire, which broke out in the morning of Sunday, Sept. 2, 1666. Being impelled by strong winds, and the old city being principally built of wood, it raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights; nor was it completely got under till the fifth morning. The destructive extent of this conflagration was, perhaps, never exceeded in any part of the world by any fire originating in accident. Whilst the walls it consumed almost five-sixths of the whole city; and without the walls it cleared a space nearly as extensive as the one-sixth part left unburned within. Scarcely a single building that was within the range of the flames was left standing. Public buildings, churches, and dwelling-houses, were all involved in one common fate. It may be fairly stated, that the fire extended its ravages over a space of ground equal to an oblong measuring upwards of a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. The amount of property destroyed was reckoned at £10,000,000 sterling.

3.—*Oliver Cromwell, died 1658.*
Parini, born 1724. This esteemed poet and most excellent man was not only one of the first gentlemen of the age, but a pure philanthropist. When the government of his country was changed, and a republic first instituted under the protection of the French arms, Milan became the scene of very natural excitement, and occasionally of violence. The people had been too long deprived of liberty to be able to bear their new condition with moderation. Things even went so far that a young and beautiful girl was seen to ascend the republican tribune, and to promise her virgin-love to the man who should bring in the hand of that foe to liberty—the poor old Pope; and the father of the tragedy was seen to embrace her with transport and tears excited by the sight. It was at this time that some violent demagogue tried to force Parini, one night at the theatre, to join the mob in crying “death to the aristocrats!” “Long live the Republic,” exclaimed the poet. “Life to the Republic, but death to no one.” In an instant tranquillity was restored.

4.—*Home, the Author of Douglas, died 1808.*
Death of General Koningsmarc, 1714. This brave officer and intrepid warrior was never experienced the sensation of fear but once, and the occasion was ludicrous. Charles Gustavus was besieging Prague, when a boor of most extraordinary visage desired admittance to his tent, and being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his presence. The old General Koningsmarc, who stood by the king's side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master that the peasant ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. “Sir,” said the fellow, irritated at the remark, “if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take up his sword and his spurs I will eat him before your face, before I begin the pig.” General Koningsmarc (who at the head of a body of Swedes had performed wonders against the Austrians, and who was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age) could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most ludicrous and unbecoming expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws. Without uttering a word the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himself safe until he had arrived at his quarters.

5.—*Lopez d'Aceuna, born 1545.* This gallant Spaniard is recorded in the Apophthegms of Rufo, and is a rare instance of a man who could keep the affections of his mind under extraordinary command. He was called out from his tent by a sudden alarm. His servants armed him in great haste, and although he told them that his royal master had been killed, they insisted that it could not be fitted better. The brave Lopez had not leisure to contest the point: he rushed to the combat, fought with success, and at his return, unlacing his casque, and throwing it down on the ground together with his bloody car, “There,” said he mildly to his awkward valets, “was I not right when I told you how much you hurt me in putting on my helmet?”

6.—*Blucher died 1815.*
Dr. Johnson born 1709. Dr. Johnson was born in the city of Litchfield, where his father was a bookseller. Having received the elements of learning at his native place, he was sent at the age of nineteen to Pembroke College, Oxford, by a gentleman who engaged to maintain him there as a companion to his son. After some time, however, he withdrew his aid; and Johnson, having made an ineffectual attempt to subsist on his own resources, found himself obliged to discontinue his residence before obtaining a degree. He had already, however, during the period he spent at the university, obtained a high reputation for scholarship and abilities. For many succeeding years the life of this distinguished luminary of English literature was one of those hard struggles with poverty which learning and genius have so often been called on to sustain. About the time that he left college, namely, in 1731, his father died, leaving scarcely twenty pounds behind him. Thus situated, Johnson was constrained to accept the office of usher at the grammar-school of Market Bosworth. But the treatment to which he was subjected soon forced him to give up this appointment. He now attempted in succession various projects of a literary nature, in order to escape from the extremest indigence. In 1735 he married a Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer, who brought him a fortune of about £800; and with this money he opened a boarding-school at Edial. But the scheme met with no success. His wife died, and he was obliged to leave her accordingly he arrived in March 1747, accompanied by a young friend, who had been one of his pupils at Edial. Dr. Johnson afterwards became the greatest actor that the modern world had seen. The first employment which he obtained was from the proprietors of the Gentleman's Magazine. But the emoluments he derived from this source were very insufficient to afford him a respectable subsistence; and he was often without a shilling to procure him bread during the day, or a lodging wherein to lay his head at night. These necessities clung to him for a long while, but they did not prevent him from busily working his way to literary distinction. His reports of parliamentary debates, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, which were often almost entirely original compositions of his own, attracted a great deal of notice; but it was not till long afterwards that their authorship was generally known. The year after his arrival in the metropolis, he published his poem, entitled ‘London,’ in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal. This production had the honour of being commended in warm terms by Pope. In 1744 appeared his eloquent and striking life of his friend Savage. Three years after he was engaged by the proprietors of the Gentleman's Magazine to prepare a new Dictionary of the English Language. This celebrated work occupied the greater part of his time for seven years, and at last appeared in 1755, after the money, 1500 guineas, which it had been agreed he should receive for his labour, was all spent. It brought him, however, a large share of public applause and at once placed his name among the first of the living cultivators of English language. Meanwhile, even before the appearance of his Dictionary, he had by various occasional productions been

steadily advancing himself in reputation, although not in wealth. In 1749 he gave to the world his imitation of Juvenal's tenth Satire, under the title of ‘The Vanity of the Human Wishes.’ The same year his tragedy of Irene, which he had brought with him when he first came to town, was produced at Drury Lane by his friend Garrick. In March, 1750, he commenced the publication of ‘The Rambler,’ which he continued for two years at the rate of two papers every week, the whole, with the exception of only a few numbers, being the production of his own pen. These and other works, however, failed in relieving him from the pressure of great pecuniary difficulties, as is proved by the fact, that in 1756 he was arrested for a debt of about five pounds, and only obtained his liberty by borrowing the money from a friend. In 1758 he began a new periodical publication, to which he gave the name of ‘The Idler,’ and which like ‘The Rambler,’ he carried on for about two years. In 1759 his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, died at an advanced age; and having gone down to Litchfield to superintend her funeral, he there wrote his beautiful romance of Rasselas in a single week, while his parent lay unburied, in order to obtain the means of defraying the expenses of her interment. This may well be characterised as the finest anecdote that is to be told of Dr. Johnson; for the whole range of biography scarcely records anything more noble or affecting. At last, in 1762, the Crown was advised to bestow upon him a pension of £300 per annum; an act of bounty which placed him for the rest of his life in ease and affluence. After this he distinguished himself as much by his brilliancy and power of his conversation in the literary circles and general society which he frequented, as by his labours with his pen; but still he was far from relinquishing authorship. In 1765 appeared a new edition of Shakespeare, in the superintendence of which he had been long engaged, and the splendid preface to which is one of the most celebrated of his productions. In 1773 he published the well known account of his ‘Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland,’ which he had just accomplished in company with his friend Boswell. In 1775 he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford; and in 1781 he brought to a close the last of his works, the whole, the greatest of his works, his ‘Lives of the Poets,’ in four volumes octavo. He survived this publication only a few years, and, having died on the 13th of December, 1784, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, he was interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, in a grave near to that of his friend Garrick. Notwithstanding considerable heat of temper and arrogance of manner, as well as some weak prejudices and singularities by which he was marked, it is impossible to deny that the moral character of Dr. Johnson abounded in noble points, or to regard it upon the whole with other feelings than those of admiration and reverence.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. O. F. (BRIGHTON).—We cannot insert your article. Our pages are not intended to be made vehicles for slander. In the preceding period when certain monthly and weekly organs of the Tory press assumed the right to vindicate the principles of loyalty and religion, when Theodore Hook, Prof. Wilson, and Dr. Maynard offered themselves as the avenging furies, no man's honour—or woman's good name—was safe. Neither rank nor obscurity shielded the victim from their malice. No life was too blameless for reproach. No career was too noble for scandal. The men of this class invented foul anecdotes; and their delight was to blast general characters. Writers whom these men encouraged by their example were not content with honest differences. They thought it nothing to denounce a public servant as incapable, if they could not add that he had probably robbed the treasury. If a bishop offended them, they not only described him as a bad preacher and a heretic, but also as a lover of drink and a frequenter of evil places. If they reviewed a poet out of their own clique, they said, by way of wretched smartness, that his verses were bad and his morals worse—that he took liberties with the muses and neglected his children. And so it ran throughout. Poetic injustice never contented their revenge; and an enemy seldom escaped from under their hands until he had been made to violate every precept in the Decalogue.

BARRY HOLT (SYD HAM).—Is due course—perhaps about the middle of October.

JACK TART (PORTSMOUTH).—We quite agree with you. Why not give Lord Dundonald's plan a trial? If Swaborg, or even Cronstadt, should be demolished, the public would not care much whether it had been done according to the received principles of military tactics, or the rule of professional etiquette. We have been spending a vast deal of money upon sending out in successive years two Baltic fleets, which have done next to nothing, and we might surely incur a small outlay for the purpose of testing the merit of plans which promise certain and speedy success.

LOOKING-GLASSES.—The COMMERCIAL PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Manager, CHARLES M'LEAN, 75, 76, and 80, Fleet-street, and 139, Oxford-street (note the name and the number), very respectfully invite the nobility, the public, and the trade to inspect their extensive and magnificent stock of CHIMNEY, CONSOLIDER, and PIER GLASSES, framed in every variety of style; console, centre, and pier tables; solid mahogany table and chandel glasses, grandioses, &c. The extent of the trade and the number of manufacturers, supply looking-glasses and plate glass at about one-half the price usually charged. The goods are of the best quality and warranted. Estimates given all over England, free of expense.—May be had of the proprietors, or of any of the drawers, glass, picture frames, cornices, console tables, &c.

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The Colored News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.

Public attention has lately been drawn to the imprisonment of two Essex labourers, named Collins, who were sentenced by a country magistrate to the gaol, George Hemmings—to fourteen days hard labour, for having wilfully absented themselves from their work in the hayfield, and thereby causing their master's hay to be spoiled. The sentence is not complained of as being illegal; and it has, moreover, after a revision of the circumstances of the case, been confirmed by the authorities at the Home Office. It is, however, denounced as an unreasonable—a vindictive—and a malicious sentence;—a view in support of which two circumstances are pleaded. One of them is, that the object for which the two men left

their work was to witness the review of the Essex Yeomanry. This accounts for the warmth with which the case has been taken up by Major Palmer, who, looking at the world with a professional eye, clearly thinks the better of a man for preferring a grand military spectacle to the dull and monotonous occupation of haymaking. The other circumstance strongly dwelt on by those who impugn the sentence, is the fact that the magistrate who inflicted it is a clergyman, a fact which, in the minds of the rabble, invariably induces an unfavourable bias. Confining ourselves to this last fact, we are unable to understand what the clerical character of the magistrate has to do with the question whether the sentence be, or be not, the duty of the clerical, as it would have been that of the lay magistrate, to inflict it, and he would have been unworthy to be in the commission of the peace if he had allowed the fact of his being in Holy Orders, to interfere with the proper exercise of his magisterial functions. If the sentence was not justifiable, we cannot see that it makes any difference whether the person pronouncing it was, or was not a clergyman. A layman might have committed the same error of judgment, or fallen into the same excess of severity. It will, we suppose, be contended that necessarily, by virtue of their professional views and habits, clergymen are more prone to undue severity than their non-clerical neighbours. To be sure it is made a matter of complaint against the clergyman, that in his letter of explanation to the Home Office he adverted to the refusal of the two men to offer any apology for their conduct, or to own that they had done wrong. Yet, if the sentence was in itself a proper one, it must be admitted that the refusal to admit themselves to have been in fault, or to express any regret for the loss they had caused to their employer, was a good and sufficient reason why the magistrate should not mitigate, nor the Home Office remit, the penalty which the law has affixed to their offence. As to the policy, generally, of combining the functions of the civil magistrate with the clerical office, that is a question which has nothing to do with the present inquiry. If it is practicable, we do not hesitate to say that it ought to be avoided, but in country districts, where the clergyman is often the only man of sufficient education for the discharge of magisterial duties, it is of course unavoidable. It can scarcely be necessary to say that the clergyman who, under such circumstances, undertakes to discharge these duties for the benefit of society, is not, on that account, to be held up to public odium, even though he commits an error of judgment. Whether such an error was committed in the case in question is the point at issue. And in considering this point, we may at once dismiss the ridiculous notion, that the desire to see the review of the county yeomanry is a mitigation of the offence. There is surely nothing particularly virtuous or patriotic in going to look at a review, any more than in seeing a hounds throw off, or in witnessing any other spectacle. It was for their own pleasure that the men went, and the case, therefore, reduces itself to the simple question, whether a person who hires himself to another for the performance of a specific service, is at liberty to leave that service at any moment he chooses, regardless of the injury to which his employer may be exposed by his abandonment of duties. And this, in truth, is a very serious question, which affects employers of all kinds, and in a variety of ways. It is no greater hardship upon the common labourer to leave his employer, than it is to a clergyman to leave the hayfield, whilst his services are wanted to gather in the crop, than it is to a clergyman that he is not allowed to walk away from his church, upon a judge that he may not quit the judgment seat, or upon a military officer that he is not suffered to leave the parade-ground while his presence is required in the performance of his duty. What would be said of a clergyman who should desert his congregation for the purpose of watching a transit of Venus, or of a judge who should leave juries, counsel, attorneys, and parties to waste their time in Westminster Hall while he walked to Fleet-street to purchase a new coat, and peruse a Colored News, or of a captain who should leave his company unofficered in order to witness a monkey race? Every one of these would be liable to punishment of a serious nature for an unwarrantable freak. Where, then, is the reason for the justice of claiming for a labourer the right to run away from his work whenever the fancy takes him, and to subject his employer to annoyance, and to positive loss? And if it be once admitted that the law which makes his doing so a punishable offence, is a just law, it is difficult to see what is the ground of complaint in the sentence pronounced upon the men Collins by the Rev. Mr. Hemming, against which such an insane outcry has been raised. The men left their work, they entailed loss upon their master—admitted to be a considerate, kind, and good one—and they had not even the heart to say they were sorry for what they done. They maintained a dogged right to do as they pleased, and it was the bounden duty, therefore, of the magistrate, to teach them they had no such right under the constitution of their country.

A public statue in honour of the late Sir Robert Peel was inaugurated in Birmingham. It is the work of a local sculptor, Mr. Peter Hollins; and was cast in bronze in the town by Messrs. Art-union and Mason. It is, therefore, a perfect specimen of local art-manufacture. The figure of Peel is of the usual heroic size—eight feet and a half in height. It weighs upwards of a ton. The statue is placed upon a square pedestal of polished Peterhead granite, red and warm in tone, and in harmony with the base. There is a plinth also of polished granite, resting upon a sub-plinth of grey-stone. The whole is placed upon an octagonal platform, from which the railings and lamps spring. The total height of the pedestal bears the simple inscription “Peel,” in bronze. An imposing ceremonial took place at the uncovering; an immense crowd assisted, and a good deal of the customary eloquence was read, both as a neighbour and a politician, has now conciliated its reconciliation with the Corn-Law Repealer.

The greatest attraction at St. Malo to those not in love with narrow streets and quaint houses, consists in Chateaubriand's sea-washed tomb, which is visited daily by many of his admiring countrymen and women. The latter may be seen kneeling round the railings, saying prayers, and placing their feet on the simple granite slab. The veneration of Frenchmen for the poet's memory may be measured by the fact, that the landlord of the charming old Hotel de France, where Chateaubriand was born, charges 15 francs a night for the room in which he was born, and 10 francs for a young officer, who has lately returned to Lancashire, badly wounded when on duty in the trenches before Sebastopol, declares free of expense for neither hotel, nor railway clerks would take a penny from him when they found he was “a poor and wounded soldier.”

..., Norfolk-street, Strand, navy agents.—Sept.
lace, Kennington, clerk in the General Post-
office, Old Bond-street, bookseller.—Sept. 27, F.
dated, unless cause be shown to the contrary on
archangel-road, coffee-house keeper.—Sept. 28

